REMINISCENT TALES of a Humble Angler

By

Dr. FRANK M. JOHNSON

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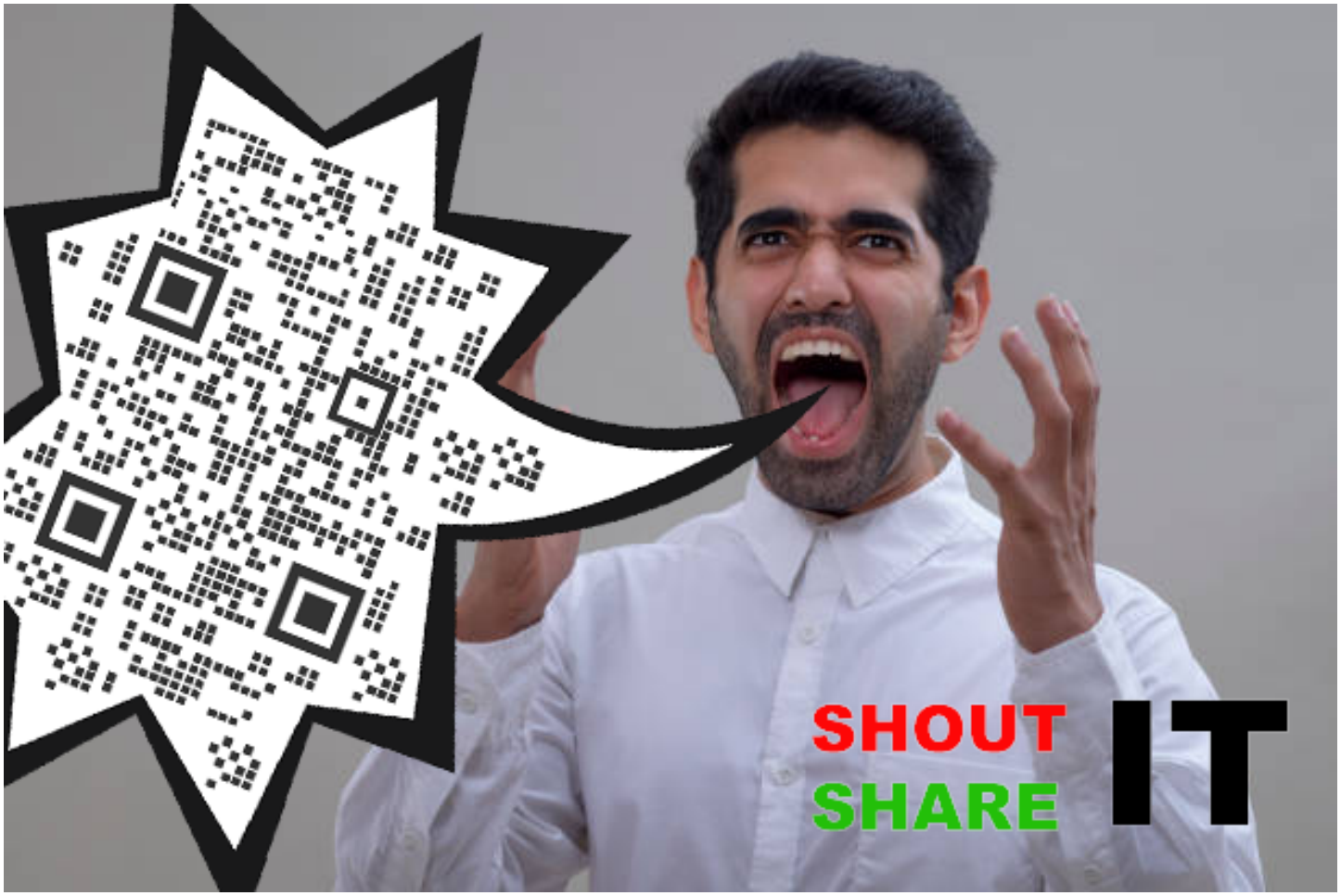
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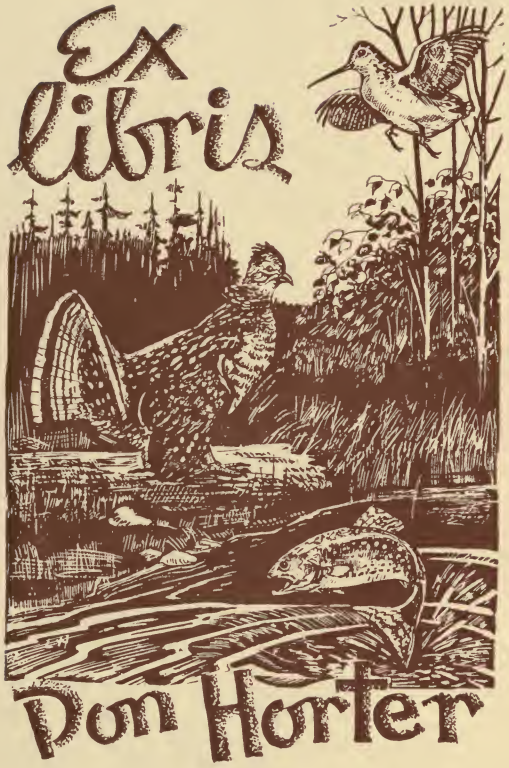
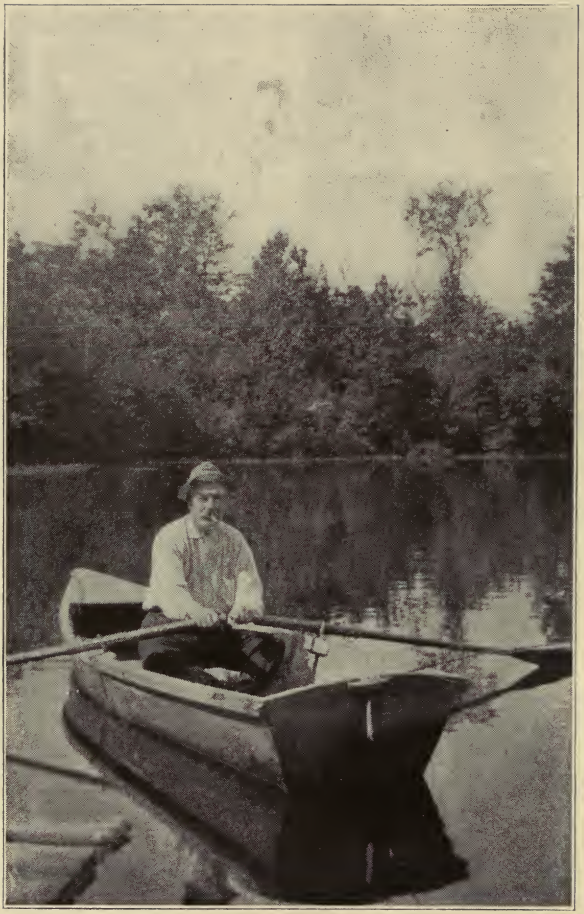


Christmas
1928

To Eleanor F. Cary

With all best wishes

Frank Mackie Johnson



In Quiet Waters

REMINISCENT TALES OF A HUMBLE ANGLER

BY

DR. FRANK MACKIE JOHNSON

INTRODUCTION BY

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Author of the "Book of the Black Bass," etc.

CINCINNATI

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INTRODUCTION

Fishes are the oldest of the vertebrate animals, the first to be evolved in the scheme of creation; and Angling is as old as the eternal hills. The fish-hook is mentioned in several books of the Old Testament, and fish-hooks of bone, shell, stone, and bronze are found in the deposits of prehistoric ages.

The first book on Angling was written by an English woman of noble birth, Dame Juliana Berners, whose father was beheaded in 1388. She was Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, near St. Albans, England. She was author of treatises on Hunting, Hawking, and Angling. The latter treatise was entitled "Fisshynge With An Angle," and was printed, a folio edition, in London, in 1496. This, it will be remembered, is more than four hundred years ago, and a dozen generations of Anglers have since risen up to call her blessed.

In her treatise on Angling she gave explicit directions for making rods, lines, hooks, sinkers, and floats, and gave the formulas

and dressings, and named the materials for the construction of twelve artificial flies, imitations of natural insects that frequented the streams during the summer months, to be used for trout and grayling. These flies, with slight modifications, are in use to-day, and some of them, doubtless, were employed by the "Humble Angler" when on some of his outings, as recounted in his "Reminiscent Tales."

The next book on Angling to appear was the "Booke of Fishing With Hooke and Line," by Leonard Mascall, 4to, London, 1600. Next in chronological sequence was the "Art of Angling," by Thomas Barker, 12mo, London, 1651. Neither of these books survived beyond one or two editions. Then came the "Compleat Angler" or the "Contemplative Man's Recreation," by Izaak Walton, London, 1653, which has become the classic of angling literature.

There have been more than a hundred editions of the "Compleat Angler," edited, annotated, and published by various persons since Walton's time. And likewise there have been books and books on Angling, good, bad, and indifferent, published on both sides of the Atlantic, and all of them have been

modeled, more or less, on "Fisshynge With An Angle" or the "Compleat Angler."

The most superb work on Angling ever issued from the press is "Forest, Lake, and River," treating of the fishes of "New England and Eastern Canada." This sumptuous work is in two royal octavo, de luxe volumes, bound in embossed vellum and satin, with nearly a hundred full-page colored plates and black and white illustrations, and with a portfolio of twelve life-size game-fishes, two by three feet, reproduced from oil paintings by A. D. Turner. This unique and remarkable work is by Frank Mackie Johnson, M.D., the author of these unpretentious "Reminiscent Tales."

While Dr. Johnson's recherche volumes are suitable only for the angler's bookcase or his library table, his modest book of fishing sketches is intended more for the pocket of his fishing jacket, to be read and browsed over, while smoking his post-prandial pipe, after the mid-day luncheon on the bank of the stream; or when in his den on a winter night, in slippered feet, to follow the "Humble Angler" in his wanderings by lake and stream in search of sport and adventure.

The dominant note in this symphony of

the woods and waters is the love and lure of Angling, pure and simple, and in accordance with the spirit of true sportsmanship with all that it implies. We follow the "Humble Angler" from the rock-bound waters of Newfoundland to the sunny lagoon of Florida; from sunrise on the Atlantic to sunset on the Pacific; from tidewater to mountain pool. With the warp of angling he weaves the woof of personal adventure and the weft of encounters with pioneers, Indians, smugglers, and outlaws.

We sit in a dory with him on an estuary of the New England coast fishing for the sturdy pollack or the gamesome white perch, while the snowy wings of the sea-gull flash in the sunshine. And then we are seated with him in a canoe on a limpid lake in the Pine Tree State, and watch his random casts for black bass, toward sundown, with the wild cry of the loon in our ears. And then, again, we are wading a rocky stream casting the tinseled lure for the ruby-studded brook trout, while the Halcyon bird springs his alarm rattle to warn the denizens of the waters over which he keeps watch and ward.

And anon we are trolling in the depths of

a larger lake for the togue, or lake trout, who will not venture his burly but comely form to respond to the angler's more sportsmanlike surface lure. And so we follow our brother angler and behold the mighty leap of the tarpon; or the more graceful curve of the salmon as he bounds from the silent and swift water; and then to the tumbling streams of the Golden West to tempt the crimson-banded rainbow trout, or the salmon-like steelhead with seductive and attractive bits of silk and feathers, called by courtesy, a fly.

And so, in these stray leaves from the "Humble Angler's" book of memory, we follow him through sunshine and storm, by day and night, by tumbling brooks and wide waters, by surging streams and sequestered pools in quest of his quarry. And we share with him the hopeful anticipation and confident expectation for the fruition of exuberant success; or sympathize with him in failure of the fish to respond to his cast, or to break away, or in other vicissitudes that go to make up that delightful uncertainty that is the chief incentive and pleasure of the angler's life.

And then at the "Close of Day," with a

hearty hand clasp we bid him *au revoir* with wishes for better luck on the morrow, and commend him to the cheerful, inspiring and comforting words of our Mother Superior, good Dame Juliana Berners, in her exordium to the angler:

"But if any fish break away after that he is on the hook; or else that he catch nought; or that there be nought in the water; yet at least he hath his wholesome walk, and the sweet air of the mead flowers that maketh him hungry."

JAMES ALEXANDER HENSHALL.

Cincinnati, Ohio,
March, 1921.

PREFACE

If old but never-to-be-forgotten memories can be reawakened in the heart of those who read these pages, and if for the moment all cares be cast aside, I shall rest content.

If the perusal takes you back to the days when you lived close to nature, the aim will have been fulfilled.

Had it not been for the kindness of my preceptor and friend, Doctor James A. Henshall, who wrote the introduction and encouraged me in my task, my own courage would have ebbed.

Had I not, in a rash moment, almost promised some of the members of the Explorers' Club, that some day I would attempt something of the sort; had I not listened to most delightful reminiscent experiences at the Canadian Camp dinners; had it not been for the enjoyable and inspiring hours passed in the happy companionship of Mr. Isaac B. Hosford, Mr. Herbert Pomeroy Brown, and Dr. Charles R.

Fletcher, all of New York, and Mr. William B. Abbott, of Wilton, N. H., I doubt greatly if this booklet would have seen the light of day.

To all of these good people I wish to emphasize the pleasure their comradeship has bestowed, and to them this volume is endearingly inscribed.

FRANK MACKIE JOHNSON.

Boston, Massachusetts,
January, 1921.

The String of Sunfish

Let me dream once more of childhood,
When, a truant from the school,
I went roaming through the wildwood,
Searching for a shady pool.

Where, with pole and line and pin-hook,
Stole the golden hours away;
Future chances risked so lightly
For that sport of summer day.

One poor little string of sunfish,
Shrunk and withered soon were they;
And sad twilight brought the feeling,
Better had I stayed away!

It was weary, trudging homeward;
Luck, to reach there in good time;
And the lie I had been planning,
Loomed before me like a crime.

Still, those days were sweeter, brighter,
Than the days to come can be;
Was it that my heart was lighter
Or, perchance, that I was free?

REMINISCENT TALES

Tail First

It was a perfect day, the last one of June; the cool and bracing air quivered in the glorious sunshine that glistened o'er woodland and waters. Breezes stirred into ripples the surface of the deep, silent river as it flowed through the Canadian forests in its course toward the sea. Bordered on either hand by giant cliffs, sublime in their dignity, this magnificent stream might well have been the harbinger of some exalted monarch whom Nature had empowered to reign.

Such a scene held the observer entranced. The vast gorge appeared so steep it evoked fear; its height seemingly pierced the zone of brilliant blue, while at its base the deep gliding waters were as black as night. Mystery had hovered in the very atmosphere of this realm of woodland until its influence had become dominant.

Reaching this spot had entailed a long, hard tramp and the preceding night had been unseasonably cold, a meager tent furnishing but scant shelter and warmth to the

Angler and his companion. However, all discomfort was speedily forgotten,—even the sliding-down, falling-down and rolling-down by which the bottom of the ravine was reached. No pathway had ever existed but the wayfarers did their bests to supply the need, and surely enough boulders, rocks, and stones were started on their downward course to have provided sufficient material for the erection of a Hall of Fame had inclination and time justified the undertaking.

Eugene McCarthy, author of "Familiar Fish," was the humble Angler's companion, A fine chap and a keen sportsman was he. McCarthy knew a lot about fishing, flies, fire-water, and a host of other things.

On this particular day the third pool, as it was called, was chosen. It was unique in its way. The river turned rather abruptly and gradually widened for some distance, then formed a broad and deep basin before sweeping its unbroken waters over a natural dam. This flowing was so even it was difficult to realize that the barrier had not been constructed by the hand of man. Within the confines of this basin many ouananiche or "little leapers" lurked and waited.

Just over the dam the descent was rugged

and the river-bed somewhat choked with boulders and rocks. All about these foaming waters crashed and eddied, transforming themselves into active miniature rapids, then becoming quiet again as they passed the foot of the decline.

Rocks of all sizes were huddled together on either shore for a hundred feet or so, then broad strips of glistening white sand stretched themselves languidly in the June sunshine and in turn verging into meadows of waving green.

Just at the edge of the basin and near the bank a large flat rock showed above the surface. It was not easy of access and provided just standing space for one person, but it was an excellent place for casting, having no bush growth or trees nearby. Both fishermen used five-ounce split-bamboo rods, selecting the McCarthy and Montreal flies.

McCarthy had the first turn. His cast was a beautiful one and a fair-sized fish struck sharply. An interesting battle ensued and needless to say, the salmon was played and landed in perfect form. Then McCarthy rested and in turn watched the Angler try his skill.

A five-pounder rose smartly, courteously taking the McCarthy fly. The captive made a mad, sharp rush directly upstream but without avail, for he was soon conquered and landed.

Late in the afternoon the Angler made his last cast. It was a long one nearly reaching the edge of the dam. The flash, leap, and powerful rush of a frightened fish came as a surprise. The Angler was scared and quite convinced that the biggest fish in this wonderful stream had accepted his challenge. A vindictive, maddened dash caused the reel to shriek a war-cry as the speeding line lessened its windings.

As the fish went over the dam the Angler yelled to McCarthy and jumped to another rock. McCarthy offered no assistance but began to laugh, while the Humble Angler kept on jumping as best he could.

In those days, it can be truly said, the Angler did resemble a fat chamois leaping from crag to crag; while to-day, alas and alack! it would be far less difficult for him to leap from jag to jag, if the laws of the land did not prohibit indulgence in alcoholic exercise. Had Doug. Fairbanks been present the demon of jealousy would have embit-

tered his existence for he would have had nothing on the Humble Angler,—except his salary.

He was too busy to stop and laugh at himself even if he had had the inclination. Not so with McCarthy, who loudly whooped his enjoyment. Later he fully explained just how funny it was. He may have been right. Of this the Angler was no judge, but he did know that later there appeared on various parts of his anatomy more black and blue spots than ever adorned a coach dog.

The fleeing salmon did not allow time for even a cuss word by way of relief. The Angler lost his hat, his footing, his temper, and his breath, but managed to retain rod and honor.

There is no record of just how long this acrobatic performance lasted. Judging by his feelings and condition it might have been weeks rather than minutes. As the shining sands extended a welcome, glancing backward he fancied some of those ghostly rocks were grinning their mockery.

At last the aerial voyage was over. The rod was in his hand; the reel was on the rod; the line attached to the reel, the leader to

the line, and the fly to the leader. The whale and the fly were coupled, so he held his peace.

Somehow that mammoth aquatic animal had shrunk to an alarming degree by the time he was landed, for when weighed he was a scant two pounds. Perhaps violent exercise had reduced his weight. He seemed to be in prime condition though out of breath and somewhat annoyed that the hook was firmly embedded in his tail.

Exhausted, the Humble Angler rested on the sands while golden sunlight and the whisper of waters brought tranquillity. He was at a loss to understand why McCarthy and the guide were so greatly amused and why they persisted in slapping him on the back just when he was beginning to breathe normally again. He willingly admitted that catching a salmon through the tail could hardly be looked upon as perfectly good form but insisted that this leaper had been honestly brought to the kill.

The tail's tale has been told and in the memorabilia of piscatorial experiences it has been accorded rightful recognition.

Planking Poachers

Several years ago it was the good fortune of the Humble Angler to meet a gentleman who proved himself to be not only a fine fellow but a true sportsman in the highest sense of the word.

Both being greatly interested in all matters pertaining to fish culture and other piscatorial subjects, their acquaintance ripened rapidly, and when they parted this new-found friend extended a cordial invitation to the Angler to visit him at his New Brunswick home. This invitation was accepted and within a fortnight the Angler became a guest at Hallworthy Manor.

In an after-dinner chat the host informed his guest that he knew of a most excellent salmon river, owned by a few friends of his, and expressed his regret that they had not met earlier in the season, for at that time both of them could have tried their expertness on this stream. Major Barnes, barrister, was a modest man for it was later learned that, although a few friends were associated

with him, he really owned most of the camps and water-rights himself.

Perhaps he saw the look of disappointment his guest could not conceal; anyway, after a moment's pause he continued: "Listen, my dear chap; you know much about fish and their habits. Will you arrange to take a trip with any friend you care to invite and visit the head-waters of our river?

"There is a saw-mill near the source and I want your opinion if its existence means danger or disease to the salmon. I have been informed that sawdust is detrimental to fish life if there is much of it in the waters, but know little of such matters myself. If it were possible I should be delighted to go along with you but at this time it is imperative that I remain here. Everything you need will be supplied. Capture specimens enough, even though it is late in the season, so that you can be absolutely sure of their condition. Will you do me this favor, and when will you be ready?"

Surprised and gratified, the Angler expressed his appreciation of the courtesies extended, stating that two days would give ample time in which to complete necessary arrangements. A handshake and a wee

nippie sealed the compact. A merry twinkle in the eyes of his host escaped the Angler's detection.

A telegram was immediately dispatched to an old friend asking him to leave at once for Pleasantdale; and the happy Angler departed very certain that at this little hamlet some word would be waiting.

An attractive place this small town proved to be and its special pride was the fact that it could boast of having a hotel. There was a huge sign, on one side of which appeared the magic words: "PLEASANTDALE HOTEL." On the other side were a few small rooms attached. It mattered but little that the rooms were tiny, the beds hard, the pillows microscopic, and a bath-room invisible. The mostly-chicory blue-black coffee was forgiven when a real newborn egg made its appearance.

The morning was grand. The guides reported that everything was in readiness, and a delayed telegram stated that the Angler's friend would be there that evening.

Billy arrived in Pleasantdale at 10 P. M. The Angler, the guides, and the townspeople met him at the train and escorted him to the hotel.

There never was a keener fly-caster than this same Billy. Busy man of affairs though he is, the call of the wild he never could resist.

A very early start was made next morning. The guides were decent chaps; Gussie, who was tall, lank and silent, took charge of Billy; while Bob, shorter, thick-set, and profane, guided the Angler. Both paddled well.

Before the main stream was reached a number of deer were seen either feeding or scurrying through the brush; whilst a large bear, frightened forth from a thicket, ran along the bank in his peculiar dog-trot. Civilization was being left behind.

At noon while they rested a few trout were caught and cooked for lunch, and the journey was resumed.

The camp was made at sunset. As the air had grown chilly a fire was started and its warmth was most welcome. Everybody was tired and turned in early. The whir of waters, the hoot of owls, and the rustle of leaves brought sleep and restful, soothing dreams.

After a hearty breakfast at sunrise the canoes again headed up stream. This proved to be a charming river with its silent

waters flowing in sinuous curves bordered on either side with dense woods. Finally they landed at a long, narrow island that appeared to be surrounded by deep water.

Here the bush growth was scanty and there was not a tree to be seen. At one end of the island short-bush blueberries grew in abundance, being remarkably large and most delicious.

There were two good pools of about the same size with plenty of casting room. The Angler called out to his friend to take his choice.

"All right, Old Man," replied Billy, "I'll try the starboard quarter."

The sport that day exceeded all expectations. Silver Gray, Jock Scott, Popham, and the Silver Doctor were the flies selected and they were all well taken. The anglers struck the first fish of the day at nearly the same moment but when landed they proved to be females full of spawn, so were carefully unhooked and restored to their river freedom. The guides were amazed at such a procedure but heartily approved nevertheless. As there were large numbers of fish in the stream it was agreed that none of the females should be killed.

As the afternoon waned the agreement had to be modified for the one grilse that had been kept was scarcely sufficient for their needs. One more fish must be killed regardless of gender. Luckily the Angler landed a large jack, so the food question was solved.

After leaving the island a short paddle brought the party to a small but very comfortable camp. Wishing to plank his fish, it became necessary for the Angler to find a suitable board. Near the camp, nailed to a tree, was a large sign with black lettering reading something like this:

NO POACHING

Quickly it was pounded free and the fish planked on the other side. Where it became burned the wood was scraped and the sign was replaced. Nobody was ever the wiser, except the guides, and they never told.

Next day they returned to the first camp. There was another branch of the river that might be called a short cut to the head waters. The guides reported the fishing to

be rather poor but told us of a large pool near the source where very fine fish could be taken.

As the Angler was being paddled slowly along he suddenly remembered that he had a duty to perform and a report to make.

"Bob," he began, "tell me please, just where the mill is on the big river,—the one that dumps so much sawdust into the stream."

Bob stopped paddling, shifted his quid, and giving the Angler a curious look, growled out: "What in Hell be ye a-talkin' 'bout? Never was, ain't, and never's likely to be no sawmill in these diggin's. Lived here goin' on forty years 'n never seen a log yit. Some darn fool was a-guyin' ye."

No more he said. No more was needed. The Angler was a poacher,—a common poacher! This Angler, who had never poached anything but an egg and who had never before knowingly broken a law. And he had even gone so far as to plank his fish on the painted sign! And Billy was a poacher, too, only he did not know it.

When once more at home the Humble Angler wrote to the Major and thanked him for his delightful trip, expressing his appre-

ciation of all that had been done for himself and companion.

A postscript was added: "Professional and Official. The salmon taken from the river were found to be in remarkably good condition. No ill effects from the sawdust, that might be found in the waters, were detected."

A Day of Daze

When Dr. Henshall said, "Inch for inch and pound for pound, there is no gamier fish in American waters than the small-mouthed black bass," the tribute was well deserved. Dr. Henshall is always right in whatever he asserts or writes about in his charming way.

The Humble Angler, for years an ardent admirer and follower of his teachings, has become as enthusiastic as his master. Most unexpectedly the opportunity came enabling him to prove emphatically all his friend and preceptor claimed concerning the clever gameness of the black bass.

In the vastness of the Maine forests lies a wondrous lake. Hidden from view amid the wealth of pine and fir that borders it about, one must be familiar with the unmarked pathways and short-cuts in this section of woodland to locate it at all. So secluded and so far from the public highway it has remained unknown to the army of anglers who are content to seek the more accessible and better known resorts.

This gem of inland waters has a bewitching charm of its own, and in contour and colour differs greatly from the other lochs that abound in the vicinity.

A narrow, rough, and choked pathway, hardly worthy of being called a road, abruptly branches from the highway like some forsaken and aged trail that might have been used by lumbermen in the winter season. It winds up hill and down dell for at least three miles. In many of the low places, crossed by small streams, the overflow has made muck holes difficult of navigation. The rocky shore of the lake itself ends the trail.

The observer views a broad sheet of sparkling, rippling waters, circular in outline. At different segments of the huge bowl masses of thick pine growth throw deep shadows on the surface. Patches of white birches give light and color to other portions, while bending bush bedecks the lowlands in a medley of vivid greens, producing a variety of shadings perfectly blended.

At first glance this circle gives the impression of completeness, but careful inspection shows at either end juttings of thickly wooded

headlands, each obscuring a winding, twisting passageway to another lake. Thus is formed a trio, hard to surpass in beauty.

One who loved nature and appreciated fully the gifts she bestows had built a comfortable camp not far from the shores, where in this forest and lake-bound retreat he found restful enjoyment.

A royal welcome was accorded the visitors. Although himself a hunter by choice he was delighted to place at their disposal such equipment as he possessed.

A commodious rowboat accommodated the young lady, her escort, and the guide. The only other available boat was a sunken derelict. Emptied and righted, it would float, but it leaked rather badly. A piece of rough fence rail and a semblance of an oar, now aged and infirm, constituted the propulsive force when carefully and laboriously manipulated. The bailing was good.

Both boats started at the same time but in opposite directions. Soon the Angler drifted out of sight of his companions. Propelling the skiff as best he could, a splash among the pads attracted his attention and a fleeting glance caught the leap of a splendid small-mouth.

This token gave hope. Teasing to windward his porous bark, he cast toward the pads but not among them. The cast consisted of three flies on No. 6 sproat hooks; Henshall for the drop; scarlet Ibis, midway; and Montreal, tail-fly;—in order to ascertain which one might prove to be the favorite.

Breezes rippled the surface just enough, the sunlight was exactly right, and the day showed that these elusive warriors were in the proper mood, for artificial flies were successful lures. Swift rushes and rises, sharp strikes and powerful fighting began and continued.

In a leaky boat, minus a landing net or anyone to aid him, the Angler became too occupied to make any changes in his tackle had he so wished, as a school of excited and large fish began to leap all about and near the lily-pads. Years of experience made it possible for him to keep calm and work carefully, so not a fish was lost.

Act the first ended; for it became obligatory to cry a halt and bail. Truly a strange metamorphosis had taken place. The fish taken had been quickly and gently unhooked and fell back into their element; but only in the portion encircled by the frame-

work of this Van Winkle heirloom. It was changed to a floating aquarium. And they were quite happy for they were only semi-conscious of the fact that they were captives.

Act the second was but a repetition. So eagerly and voraciously these strong, active chaps responded to the lure, thrice a trio of them needed all care and skill, while many doubles followed. In the interim the singles proved worthy antagonists.

Anxious for a good creel and with every moment taken up, the Angler utterly forgot two important matters, namely: to count the fish as they were taken, and to bail.

Bailing was the more necessary, for should the aquarium sink an accurate knowledge of arithmetic would prove superfluous. Energy and swiftness of action were demanded.

The Angler bailed and bailed and bailed some more, yet the lake rather enjoyed returning more quickly than it could be thrown out of the spongy aquarium. Then he resorted to the arduous procedure of bailing on one side and using the fence rail on the other.

His strength was not equal to such a strain and his vessel reeled, pushed her nose skyward and settled aft.

Act the third consisted of tumbling overboard just in the nick of time, and with a few strokes he shoved her toward the rocky shore where she caught and stuck.

The weary, wobbly, and wet Angler waited for his companions. If his matches and cigars had not been wet, he could have smoked; if he was thirsty he could drink in the enchanting scene. Little did he care, for were not his fish alive and well?

It was not long before his friends spied him. To them the boat looked as if it had been swamped.

"Hello there, what's the matter? Fall overboard?" was shouted by one of them.

"Me? Do you think I fell overboard? Nothing of the kind. Been in swimming. Draw near, pretty ones, draw near. I've something to show you."

This they did and gazed upon the treasures that the aquarium held at close range.

A chorus of exclamations arose in a moment. A free translation follows:

"Bully for you, old chap!"

"Oh, how splendid!"

"Why didn't you leave a few?"

"Gee, look at that whale!"

"Well, I'll be d——d!"

"Great Scott, what a gang!"

"Best fisherman I ever see!"

"Oh, you poor dear, you are wet through and through!"

"I'm starved, soaked, and sober," replied the Humble Angler, as soon as he could make himself heard above the babel. "Get ye hence, good people, build the fire and make ready the grub. I'll be with you in a jiffy." And so saying, he jumped into the water and resumed bailing.

Suddenly he had a sharp chill. It was not due to his wetting, but to fear. He had counted thirty fish and consequently had almost broken the law. Not quite, however, for the fish were still alive. Gently, one by one, he restored his captives to their rightful home, only retaining the largest ones and not more than could be used.

The guide now helped, and combining their efforts the aquarium was turned on her side. When she was righted she became just the leaky old boat again.

Fire, food, a smoke, and a rehearsal of experiences brought added pleasure. And as the other members of the party had a full creel, it was a happy group that rested 'neath the pines until the sinking sun

warned them that they must start if they wished to reach the camp before dusk.

The Angler did not care to fish on his return trip, preferring to devote his efforts to exhibitions of various methods of rowing, sculling, and pushing.

Their host was on the lookout and as the boats drew up alongside the wharf, shouted, "Had any luck?"

"Luck," replied the Angler, "why it was great! Never had such fishing in all my life. Take a look at these, Judge, and see for yourself. Hold them up, Charlie. Now, what do you think?"

"Well, well, you are a good fisherman. I never knew there were such bouncers about, and I've camped here ten years or so," gasped the surprised man.

Again was the story told before they said "*au revoir*," and they tried to express their gratitude for the Judge's courtesy. They departed carrying with them a cordial invitation to come and spend a week, and their host's promise that he would go along with them next time.

Pioneers of the Forest

In the small but rather attractive village of Eustis, Maine, there once lived a family who became well known to most of the sportsmen who visited that section of the country.

The household consisted of Mrs. Andrew Douglas, her husband, and Joe, an adopted son. Mrs. Andrew was the personage whose word was law, and her approval or disapproval disposed of every question that agitated the household in its welfare.

Her manipulation of discarded fruit and vegetable cans, combined with a copious amount of bean water, as a fertilizer, brought forth a constant display of gorgeous flowers, that gave touches of brightness and color to this simple and neat home.

She was the midwife of the town and when illness appeared it was due to her notherly care, combined with a remarkable knowledge of medicinal herbs plus unlimited common sense, that enabled her patients to improve rapidly.

She was at the head of all the local branches

of the various societies and associations, and a devout church woman. In earlier years she had shared in the kill of big game for the market and handled weapons as well as any man ever did.

Perhaps one incident clearly demonstrates the strength she possessed and her deep maternal love.

These qualities and the Spartan spirit, always a characteristic of her personality, made it possible, when her eldest son met with an accident, to carry him on her back seven weary long miles through the snow to a hamlet where a doctor could take proper care of him.

It is true that both in speech and manner this woman of forestland showed a little roughness, but withal she was a most kindly soul and well beloved.

Andrew was a renowned moose hunter, and Joe had the reputation of being the best guide and woodsman in the state of Maine.

The family sojourned in the summer months at a most comfortable camp on the shores of Deer Lake, half way to the King and Bartlett Lakes. It was customary for visitors to stop for dinner at their camp on their tramp to the larger lakes.

The Angler first met Mrs. Douglas when he tarried for a noon meal. Liking the place far better than any other he had seen, he chose Deer Lake as headquarters for a number of seasons.

It became customary each evening for all of them to gather about a cheery wood fire and chat over the events of the day. A wee nightcap was never forgotten just before retiring. Many stories were told of the privations and hardships of pioneer days all replete in interest and some of them tragic in character.

For camp wear she selected apparel of blue and white calico gowns. In wet weather a man's oil-skin suit, rubber boots, and a regular fisherman's hat served her needs to her perfect satisfaction.

When necessary to go to Eustis on a rainy day she rode, bare back, a raw-boned ungainly old plug, named "General." This peculiar combination was inimitable.

Between Mrs. Douglas and the Angler a warm friendship existed. He called her "Aunty," and in return her affection was expressed by the endearing term of "Son."

Mrs. Douglas received a letter, just preceding the Angler's annual visit, stating

that he would arrive quite late at Eustis on a Saturday evening. Would she see him on Sunday morning at the hotel?

A small steamer trunk filled the space in one corner of the room he occupied. A little wooden box had been deposited on top of the trunk.

The Angler, attired in pajamas, as he lounged upon the bed enjoying the delicious air and the peace of a Sabbath morn, heard a gentle knocking at the door.

In response to his "Come in," Aunty swept into the room garbed in her very best go-to-meeting clothes. On each side of her face her hair had been slicked down severely. It was twisted into a hard, small ball at the back.

Held in position by an enormous black ribbon bow, a diminutive black bonnet supported huge red peonies on the right and left. A black satin dress, supposedly up-to-date, listed to port and dragged aft to a marked degree, but fitted perfectly otherwise. An imitation black lace shawl drooped from her shoulders. Her hands were partially covered by old-fashioned mitts.

Over her left bosom an emblem of the Queen's Daughters or something of the kind

rose and fell in cadence with her breathing. Her slightest movement caused a rattling like the linen spinnaker of an English cutter makes when a fresh breeze is caught fully.

A profusion of cheap rings intensified the distorted finger joints. The rattling became more marked as with folded hands in front she advanced slowly toward the bed. When this was reached, she managed to sit halfway down upon it. Then she gently smoothed her garments, folded her hands again, and smiled down upon the Angler.

"Well, Son, how be yer, an' how did yer winter?" she inquired anxiously. "Yer ain't be a-lookin' quite pert 'nough to please me; gess they druv yer too much sence yer went back agin, didn't they?"

"Aunty, I am all tired out, but you don't know how glad I am to get here. Holy smoke! How fine you look! Never saw you in glad rags before; why, the Queen of Sheba would become envious if she could see you now."

The plans for the following day were talked over, an early start being decided upon.

Nothing ever escaped Aunty's eagle eye and she spied the familiar wooden box on top of the trunk.

"See yer didn't fergit yer med'cin', Son, did yer? Yer brung alon' last year a box juss like that 'ere one a-settin' over there in the corner. It's sure tarnel kind in yer to thunk on it."

"That's all right, Aunty, but listen. It's bully good to see you again and to know that to-morrow we'll be in camp once more. Let's celebrate. I'll get a hammer, open the box, pull a cork and mix a wee nippie, just for luck; how does that hit you?"

"Son, yer allers wuz a gen'rus an' thoughtful cuss. Now ther hain't be nuthin' in this 'ere world I'd ruther do, but, Son, I can't do it nohow. I'm superintendent of that G—— d—— Sunday school, an' some one might ketch a smellin' of my breath."

Oh! the agony that came to the poor Angler. How much he wanted to laugh yet did not dare.

The reason given for refusing was a simple and clear one. Emphasis made it stronger, and this was as the good woman intended.

A Novel Lure

Although the speckled beauty of the brook excels all other inhabitants of sweet waters in loveliness and alertness, in his omnivorous desire to appease the hunger dominating his existence all selective tendencies are eradicated. Artificial baits and lures, both weird and strange, hold a remarkable fascination, although inexplicable.

The Angler in many years of experience had become familar with the majority of these gastronomic delights, but chanced to discover one much more unique and odd than any of them.

A hearty invitation to visit the summer home of a good friend—a big-hearted and generous sort of a chap—had been received and accepted. The Angler believed him to be not only an ardent fisherman but a skilled one.

This impression was derived from all he told him about a trout stream, its locality and the number of fish caught.

He offered no suggestions when asking the

Angler to select everything necessary for himself and friends during the fishing season.

It became a pleasant duty for the Angler to do as requested. A rod, reel, line, a few small hooks, a box of split-shot, and an assortment of favorite flies were selected. The flies were tied on No. 6 hooks and in bunches of a half dozen of each kind. A few leaders added made the outfit quite complete.

The Angler left on a Friday afternoon and arrived at his friend's house that evening. It was a comfortable shack not far from the ocean. Plans for an early start were made before they retired. Enumerating just what the outfit contained he handed it to his host.

During the night it rained hard. The sportsmen arose at daybreak, had breakfast, and made a start as soon as a sleepy old nag could be harnessed into an old-fashioned but comfortable buggy.

After a somewhat lengthy drive a farmhouse was found where they changed their shoes for long rubber boots and left the team in the barn. They walked from the house to the brook. When it was located the bush growth proved to be extremely thick and no chance to cast at all.

The utter astonishment of the Angler may

be imagined when Ned stepped calmly into the stream and began wading toward its source. He could say nothing, but naturally followed.

They emerged shortly into an open meadow and here there was plenty of space and one decent pool.

The Angler suggested to Ned that he whip this pool most thoroughly, while he would follow the stream higher up and ascertain the lay of the land.

This he did, finding that the brook became smaller and smaller and almost hidden by long grasses. To try flies seemed useless. A small foot bridge made of two planks attracted his attention. A fair amount of water flowed underneath.

He now removed the leader and substituted a baited hook. Crawling near enough to toss it into the brook, a trout was taken, so he kept on until he had half a dozen. These were sufficient for lunch and he stopped fishing, leisurely wandering toward the pool. The stream he decided was only a brooklet, having its source among the hills. There were no other pools.

Ned, The Fisherman, was still sitting on the bank, the sun at his back, bobbing the

line up and down, down and up—earnest, serious, and intense.

"What luck, Ned?" asked the Angler.

"Nothing yet," he replied.

"What are you fishing with?"

"Flies," he answered.

It was the actual truth. A sinker had been fastened to the leader and the entire bunch of brown hackles secured to the middle loop. Bobbing them up and down patiently awaiting the appearance of a hungry trout.

To entice still more this dreamland beauty, his shadow cast itself upon the water, and being a large man this shadow was of broadened dimensions.

Still the mighty fish absolutely scorned the six brown hackles and the cooling shade. Very strange indeed, very strange.

The Angler did not laugh. HE DID HAVE A PAIN, just where is immaterial. He was far from home and the way back was unknown, so he did not even dare to smile.

"Too bad, too bad, but never mind, here are enough for lunch," he simply said.

"Let's see 'em," interrupted Ned.

The creel was opened, the little fish were in *rigor mortis* but still beautiful in coloring.

"What are they?" Ned inquired. The

Angler heard not, for a moment he turned his back, lit a cigar, and silently prayed for strength.

Finally he answered,———"TROUT."

"Oh," murmured the exhausted host, "I never saw one before."

"It's too hot to fish longer; let's go back and try the ocean," coughed rather than spoke the Angler, for the cigar smoke choked and nearly made him weep.

"All right," Ned agreed. He looked hot and tired but intensely relieved.

When in church or during a funeral service, or a companion breaks every tradition of piscatorial law and a person tries to stifle a powerful laugh, because it is not good manners to show others you happen to be amused, then the suffering that the Humble Angler underwent can be more fully understood.

Two things bothered him and never were explained. Why, rubber boots were worn where there was not water enough to have filled them, and what became of the six brown hackles?

A task remained. Ned must be taught to use flies properly. Fortune smiled this time. A brackish river flowed lazily, quite near the shack. Its waters abounded with white

perch. Shrimps were tried first, then flies substituted. The perch rose readily. Edward profited by this first lesson. He caught fish quite in the right manner and enjoyed it immensely.

The Angler saw a large school of young pollack in the bay the following morning. Casting 'mid the waves among them, a number were obtained. The school soon sought deeper water. He suggested to Ned that they take a boat and follow them, but nothing would induce Edward to abandon his secure post on the pier, so the Angler went alone and Ned watched him.

Both joined a fishing club in Canada, later in the year. Ned became a most enthusiastic sportsman, and, in time, an expert.

Delightful trips in different seasons were taken by them. The Angler never mentioned the incident. Today it is a pleasant thought for him to remember that he did not strike the gaff when his host demonstrated that new and novel lure.

White Perch De Luxe

Two men in a boat—this particular boat being a canoe. A girl was there also because she had been invited, and she made three in this canoe, as you can see plainly—

The Girl—The Angler—The Guide.

The guide very naturally gave his entire attention to the charming guest, as he was young himself.

It was an exquisite morning in August. A brilliant blue sky, pleasant sunshine bestowed comfortable warmth, while gentle breezes made the shadows of flying clouds dance on the surface of the waters.

The lake itself was a rare gem of woodland. Great and small islands imparted a pleasing diversity of color and outlines. At various places the irregular shore line formation spread into beaches of pebbled sands or massed in ledges the high rocks boldly jutted far out from the shores.

Here and there patches of white birches, bursts of meadow land or dense bush growth

lent their charms. High hills, their slopes thickly studded with compact foliage of vivid greens, arose from the water's edge.

To an observer successive rapid turnings and windings, all replete in beauty, begat surprises.

A broad flowing river forms the outlet. Along its banks myriads of handsome pond lilies bloomed, filling the air with their fragrance.

This stream wends its quiet way for miles and miles through meadow lands. At irregular distances diminutive ponds or mud ponds, as they are styled, are formed.

In most of them, *en masse*, these delicate pond lily flowers, blossom and fade unseen save by the winged life of woods and waters.

(Lilies begin to shut up at 1 P. M., and not 1 A. M., as human beings do.)

The waters teem with large white perch, larger pickerel, and the ordinary pond fish.

A white perch, as far as his strength permits him to be, is a dead game fish. When schooling, they are extremely lively and in chasing small fry well near the shore, make the water buzz in their hunger-rushes.

They rise to a fly or take a bait in a ravenous manner but only for a brief time, then

suddenly stop and can not be tempted again until late in the afternoon.

When about, gulls are excellent guides. Where they are seen hovering or diving, that's the place where the perch are feeding.

The spot chosen for fishing was at the end of a small baylike curvature skirting the edge of pads and long grasses.

It's good fun to cast small flies for hungry white perch; but not difficult, as they strike sharply.

Rather small flies, say No. 8, bright in coloring, are well taken. The Angler chose a light-wing Davis, Parmachenee belle and a Montreal. The young lady, a King of the waters, Scarlet Ibis and a Brown hackle.

When this daughter of Neptune struck a fish immediately she landed him. Frequently she had two on the cast and twice a trio responded. She did not lose a single fish, for her gallant guide stopped flirting with her and flirted the fish very carefully into the boat. The Angler allowed his cast to fill each time before teasing the captives near the boat.

White perch are the most delicious of the food fishes that inhabit sweet waters. That morning all that were needed were taken in a clean and sportsmanlike fashion.

There was a pretty little camp quite near at hand, almost hidden among young white birches. The clever owner blasted the rock formation, making a landing from a canoe a simple and safe thing to accomplish.

The intention of the outing party was to rest and wait for the afternoon fishing, but this intention was never fulfilled.

Just before embarking in the morning, Miss Neptune confessed frankly that she was scared to try a canoe. Gratified and interested thoroughly when she realized her teacher was being beaten, her fears vanished. Once she arose to her feet and attempted to walk from the stern to the bow.

The guide warned her just in time. However this lesson was forgotten when my lady fair wished to gather lilies before the afternoon start was made.

The canoe, the maiden, and the solicitous guide set out to gather fragrant flowers. Anxious to collect a goodly quantity, she forgot each time that the wrist watch worn on the reaching-out arm took a bath each and every grab she made for the desired flower.

Not being familiar with the tenacity of the long, slippery stems she hung on too long and too hard, and as a consequence she pulled

herself overboard before the guide could prevent.

Fortunately the water was not deep. Rather a mess for a time, but the shore was made, the lilies saved, while the dampened lady laughed, exclaiming emphatically:

"Anyway, I did get the one I wanted and I never let go of it either."

This was true too. No harm followed the ducking. Little things akin to this incident never trouble a true fisherman or a fisherwoman.

White perch unusual in size, pond lilies of superb fragrance and beauty, and the addition of a refreshing bath certainly created a piscatorial de luxe fancy, complete in each detail.

Where Chasms Frown

In her wheezy efforts to maintain headway, an asthmatic tug boat tickled the waters of Puget Sound into smothered laughter. Her worn-out appearance branded her as a relic of better days.

This particular craft had been hired by the Humble Angler to convey him from Portland to the breeding grounds of the Salmon and the Rainbow trout. It was the only vessel that could be chartered.

From the peculiar actions of "Kate Long" and those of her captain, engineer and crew—the crew being composed of the aforesaid individuals—the Angler came to the conclusion that an explosion, a sinking, or a parting in twain might at any moment disturb the placidity of the voyage, and this conviction was strengthened when he observed on the part of both officers and crew a strict obedience to the laws of navigation, frequently demonstrated by partaking liberally of a mixture of whisky and sherry wine.

Then things changed. The engineer insisted in confiding to the lonely passenger the

secrets of his life, the recital affecting him strongly, and caused weeping. While he wept, sleep overcame him and the passenger departed.

The captain then caught sight of him and invited this worried being to join him in the pilot house. Would he take the wheel for a while?

"Certainly," was the answer. The zigzag wake of the tug made it imperative that the course should be made known.

"Keep the damn thing in the middle if you can," the captain half snored and sank to slumber. Then the timid passenger became —the captain, the engineer and the crew until he was later on relieved.

At the hour of the Angelus, Katie Long, exhausted and worn, pushed herself against the fragile pier of Rockyledge.

The proprietor—the head bellboy—all the bellboys—the cook, the clerk—the hostler—the porter and the other employees of the Inn—extended a welcome to the newly arrived guest.

"I'm Jim Macey and run this hotel, but 'bout here they call me Goggles. Glad to meet you. What might your name be?"

The soaked mariners, having become in-

ternally dry once more, simultaneously shouted "Hello, Goggles." A hand wave and "Hello, Boys," acknowledged this salutation.

The following morning the landlord was informed by his only guest the reason why he had come to Rockyledge Inn, and then was asked by him where the best fishing could be found.

Macey suggested a river—not far away where Rainbow trout abounded—that might be tried first. The simple, clearly given directions were easy to follow. The Angler decided to give this place a trial.

The hike proved to be a long one before he heard the song of rushing waters. The gleam of an ideal stream, seen through the vistas, tingled his nerves with pleasurable anticipation.

A test of skill followed the taking of an alluring fly by a leaping Rainbow. Unheeded were both time and locality. The daylight began to fade. Once more upon the highway, he started, as he supposed, towards the Inn.

As twilight quivered he walked perseveringly on and on. The road seemed to have lengthened since the morning's jaunt.

Approaching him he discerned a young man, twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He carried a rifle in his hands. A cartridge belt encircled his waist. A haversack was strapped to his shoulders: all suggesting that he might be on a hunting trip.

"Will you kindly tell me how far it is to Rockyledge?" the Angler inquired.

"Why, stranger, you're headed wrong. Reckon you don't know these parts. Too late to get there to-night, it will be so dark in half an hour you couldn't see the road. Better let me put you up 'til morning and then I'll straighten things out."

The Angler thanked him and accepted. As they trudged along together the highway was forsaken, until his companion took the lead, when entering into the mazes of a thick grove.

"Don't you think we'd better take a bite, stranger?" he quietly remarked, as he stopped beneath a large tree—dense in luxuriant foliage—placing his rifle within easy reach and opening his haversack.

The famished Angler replied that food would be most acceptable. Starting a fire, some of the fish were quickly cleaned and broiled. The meal satisfied their hunger.

Instead of continuing the tramp, the younger man began to gather grass and leaves out of which he constructed a rude couch. As he finished, turning towards his companion, he remarked:

"Stranger, it will be far wiser for you to know the truth. This grand old tree that shelters us for to-night at least is our home. It's like this: A short time ago I killed a man. The act was in self-defense.

"It happened far away from here. As I had no proof of my innocence, I thought it wiser to disappear for a time. The people in the neighborhood knew a feud existed between the dead man and myself.

"Suspicion will fall on me. Had I not fatally winged him at the first shot, he would have killed me. Now you know the facts. Suppose a posse has started hunting for my scalp, it's not likely they can find me.

"Wiser though not to be caught napping, so I'm careful. You lie down and try to get a wink of sleep. If you hear shots, just keep quiet, for even if they did find you no harm would come of it and I should have made a get-away all right. Tell 'em you got lost, met a chap who brought you here, and then lit out. Good-night."

At daybreak they retraced their steps to the highway. At parting, the fugitive laughingly commented, "I have no name and you never met me. I have thoroughly enjoyed your companionship. Good luck go with you!"

Goggles had started to find the Angler and they met on the road. "Where in Hell have you been? I thought you were drowned."

The bed in the Angler's room looked most inviting.

The Angler wished to study both Salmon and the Rainbow trout in their native waters. He talked matters over with Macey.

"So you want more of it, do you?" said Goggles. "Well, by Jupiter! You have the nerve. I'll take you to just the right spot. Wait 'til I hitch up old Major and we'll go along. Won't do to let you roam 'bout alone."

The road along the edge of a high plateau was rough and nearly hidden by grass growth. It ran towards the North in almost a straight line. An easily forded, broadened brook crossed the highway. They halted among the mighty trees of an immense grove. A deep ravine made an abrupt descent of nearly

fifteen hundred feet from the edge of this plateau to the banks of a stately river.

In the shadows of giant cliffs, its waters were of indigo hue save where they crashed against huge boulders in snowlike froth.

Such wondrous beauty challenged even an inadequate description. A strip of sandy shore bordered the water's edge, providing an excellent spot for perfect fly casting.

No need of recording the methods employed in undertaking the somewhat hazardous descent.

The Angler tarried, securing a goodly number of fine fish. It did not please him at all to have Macey shout suddenly and loudly:

"By Jinks! there's a fellow coming to see me today; I forgot all about it. You stay as long as you like. The big pool is just beyond that first bend. When you're ready old Major will get you home all right.

"I'll take a short cut back. Hope you don't mind my leaving you? So long and good luck."

The Angler was startled by the sound of voices, while resting for a while. Half a dozen men emerged from the brush. All of them carried long poles with a spear-like at-

tachment. He ascertained soon that they were engineers, surveying for a railroad corporation. All were graduates of Harvard.

They asked him to join them spearing salmon, if he cared for the sport. In single file a sinuous course was followed, on the side of the largest cliff that would take them to the great pool.

All of the young men wore spiked shoes and secured good footholds. No real path existed. The Angler followed as best he could.

Heavy waters poured incessantly over a high, broad, natural dam. Both salmon and trout lurked below, awaiting their chance to leap the fall.

Several days of continued torrid weather had caused melting snows from a distant range of mountains to augment the volume of water in the river, making it impossible for the salmon to leap well above the dam.

The strong current knocked about these fish and many of them fell back again into the pool. In this way the chance opened for spear play that often ended in a kill.

Although greatly interested, the Angler realized that he could tarry no longer. Shouting a good-bye he began his return

journey, but suddenly slipped when in sight of the place where he had been fishing.

He tried to save himself. It was in vain. Towards the bottom of the ravine he rolled over and over. A fair-sized tree, felled by a stroke of lightning, saved his life most fortunately.

His trousers caught on a branch, tearing them badly, but enabling him to hold on tightly when he forcibly struck the tree. The rest of the way he crawled on his hands and knees.

On his way homeward, with the sky as a background, three sharply defined silhouettes held his attention. Indians! War bonnets, war paint, rifles, and addenda. The Angler was scared. His fears were without foundation.

They passed on their way without giving him a glance. That evening, when he related the incident, Macey told him that once in a long time the Indians of that part of the country had a war dance and a big pow-wow.

The next day the Angler returned to Portland, but not with "Katie Long."

Frolics of the Silver Kings

Amid the mazes of the Floridian Everglades a stream has its source that forms a river when augmented very gradually by additional waters from adjacent swamps, many of these being of immense size.

It meanders in tortuous windings and contortions along its banks of moss-draped, stunted tree growth, or through lowlands of barren soils and scattered sections of marshes.

Mantles of luxurious and vividly green lily pads hide the ugliness of its sluggish, vacillating progress. As the sea level is finally approached its pace quickens, especially when the ebbing tidal waters exert their influence.

A high embankment has been formed by the powerful rushing strength of the Ocean's billows upon an immense stretch of brightly gleaming sands, that serves, save where a breakage occurs when salt and sweet waters unite, as a strong sea wall.

A mile or two back from the river's mouth

a good-sized lake has formed in a natural, broadened hollowing out of the soil.

It is deep in some places. In the lake itself the force of the tides is felt strongly, but entirely lost above the point where the river empties into the brackish waters of this peculiarly freakish distortion.

The adjacent marshes are overflowed when a strong flood dominates.

As the ebb begins and rushes again seaward in as active a manner as marked its incoming, the amount of water dwindles perceptibly.

While at Palm Beach, the Angler learned that a school of young Tarpon—better known as Silver Kings—had been seen in this locality early that morning.

Fort Lauderdale, a trading station on the river, not a great distance from Palm Beach, was the most available starting point.

The Angler procured a skiff here and with his guide hurried on to the lake. A supply of mullet had fortunately been obtained, so there was no delay.

A number of sportsmen, their boats anchored at the nearer end not far from the opening, were in waiting.

Beneath Southern skies, this typical day

of an early Spring was bathed in a wealth of burnished sunshine, whose splendors even tinged the soft, mild breezes laden with odors of the Ocean.

As the crimson sun blazed down upon the tremulous surface of the loch the peaceful scene in an instant becomes transformed.

Lethargy vanished, replaced by the magnificent active play of silvered forms leaping high in the air, shaking from their gleaming bodies rainbowed mists as by hundreds, in riotous dashing, jumping and diving, their hosts forsook the extreme end of the lake and advanced in aeroplanic formation, seeking their home waters once more.

Fountains of water splashed everywhere as they rushed blindly among the boats. All of them became frightened at the same moment, dove deeply, and whirled through the pass into the river.

Such a bewildering and marvelous finale to this aquatic gaiety astonished the spectators beyond the power of expression. The act itself and the actors will never be forgotten.

That a person can entirely lose self-control under excitement was demonstrated in an amusing incident.

An erratic individual, who early in the day had forsaken his companions and gone to the other end of the lake, gave chase when the players started the game, hurling his bait after them and madly shouting:

"Stop them! Stop them! For GOD'S sake, don't let 'em get away!"

The Angler, hoping a chance might still come to take a Tarpon, remained at the trading post.

When the moon is full, and only the moon, it is a most excellent time for night fishing.

A motor boat was commissioned, the skiff attached, and the first moonlight excursion made its début.

The skipper had mentioned that blue fish very frequently came into the lower part of the river on a floodtide; so a wide-awake Angler, while on their seaward way, trolled for them, using a hand line and a fair-sized metal fish.

Even the man in the moon laughed at Nature's moving picture of two instantaneous leaps (exquisitely shown, although Mr. Fox was not present at the time).

A splendid Tarpon threw himself entirely out of the water, at the hook end of the line, then shaking himself free disappeared into the

glorified wavelets of the moonbeam's pathway.

The Angler had perched himself upon the part of the deck that projected into the cockpit and given the line two extra twists about his hand. The leap he made landed him squarely on the astonished skipper's head.

The metal fish had split in twain, twisted into distorted curlings. For many days a swollen and bruised hand required the Angler's attention.

He felt intimately acquainted with this *pater familias*, although unable to even catch sight of him.

Sulking Samsons

A piscatory pibroch must have drowned the pastor's voice when the Togue was christened, or a bunch of names sticking like prickly burrs were hurled pell-mell at him.

He is the same old Togue whether or not his aliases be Namaycush, Lake Trout, Lunge Siskowitz, Lake Salmon, Salmon, Trout, Mackinaw Trout, Fresh Water Cod, Black Trout, Pot Belly, the Tyrant of the Lake, or any of the others.

He eats well, sleeps well, and attains remarkable weight. Like the Brook Trout he has spots on his body, but they lack in brilliancy of coloring. If an angler informs you he has caught a twelve-pound trout, that trout is a Togue.

These fish become very active soon after the ice goes out in early Spring, and will take a trolling lure quite near the shore. As the weather grows warmer they seek deeper waters and become sluggish in action.

The best that can be said of this moody, powerful fish is that he is excellent eating,

when cooked properly. The worst, he never rises to a fly.

Of all baits the most alluring is a fair-sized minnow, so impaled on an Archer spinner or two hooks, that on a swiveled leader it revolves well. A small sinker should be attached to the line when the water is quite deep.

Seth Green tied a sinker to a piece of string and the string to the line, just above the leader—a most excellent and clever rig. If the sinker catches among the rocks, a pull breaks the string and saves the tackle. The sinker keeps touching bottom but always allows a good length of free line.

A few hints may not be amiss to those of you who have not attempted the capture of these voracious, vicious villains.

When a sharp tug is felt, give plenty of time, for Many Names likes to chew a bit before he swallows. When you strike make it hard and strong. He will make a long run when well hooked, so let him go as far as he likes.

He will halt, sulk, pull back and grunt, shaking his old head and begins to get mad as you reel in. Then he makes another run and sulks some more. He keeps up this sort of thing until he is tired out.

Always remember never to give him any slack. When he sulks, keep the line taut, but do not try to reel in by force, for he is heavy and powerful, and will break the line easily if too much strength is used.

Hooks should be large and of good material. Big spoons, baited, spoons with the largest flies, or hooks with pieces of pork or pork rind, worms, fish, and raw meat make excellent lures.

Troll in rather deep water near ledges or rocky shores.

* * * *

Once upon a time the Angler played the goat to perfection.

While at a camp in Maine, where the fishing was excellent, a friend told him that in the neighborhood there was a lake abounding with Togue. Being an ardent fly caster he never had even tried for them, and was anxious to ascertain what they were like. His friend insisted that he should borrow his tackle.

The rod was as heavy as one used for salmon but shorter. The reel looked huge and held a lot of line. The arrangement of hooks was wild and weird, but considered necessary.

Explaining that these fish were strong and of tremendous size, he warned the Angler that plenty of time should be given them to take the baits well into their mouths.

The entire line might be taken in a rush and one had to be extremely careful.

The Angler began to get a little worried. He had never seen such an equipment and never knew that such fish were to be found in sweet waters.

The stuff was packed and a hike made to this lake. It was a delightful tramp. A rough cabin was found near the shore that would shelter them. No time was wasted in getting started.

They paddled along quite a distance without having a strike. Suddenly the Angler felt a strong yank and the line began to run out very rapidly. He struck and struck sharply; the line ran faster and faster.

"He tam beeg chap," the guide murmured. No comment was made on his part, for he was both busy and scared. Not a sign of a fin, yet the line kept running fiercely and then howled. Seeing it had almost run out he asked the guide to cease paddling. The moment the strain lessened the Angler reeled and reeled and then reeled some more. The

strike had been sure. The body of the victim bristled with every one of the hooks.

A miserable old Log!

The Angler returned to camp, did some thinking, strung up an ordinary rod and selected a trolling lure. His fears had vanished.

Later on he took two fish without any trouble at all and the next day caught half a dozen. This ended his enchantment.

The Togue's Remarks

I am stubborn, I am sulky,
But my appetite is good;
So I'm underweight but seldom,
Though I'm rarely understood.
For my moods, they differ greatly:
In the summer I am still;
While, in early days of springtime,
My emotions make me thrill.
At my jumping I'm a stunner,
And no angler can seduce,
Till I get right good and ready,
When—I often slip a-loose.
For I know a thing in rushing,
When I wish to let off steam,
I'm a wonder; yes, by thunder,
I'm a college football team.
Yes, I know a thing in rushing,
Know just how to break a line;
And for clinging to live bait, sir,
Who can match the knack that's mine?
So I often fool those "Waltons,"
As they think they have me sure,
When I'm simply, of a rumpus,
Playing soft my overture.

Some day, may be born a sportsman
  Who at once will know my game,
Beat me always; and moreover,
  When, alas! at last, I'm tame,
Being weighed out dead, that Villain—
  Oh! the shadow of the shame!
Oh; sad gloaming of my glory!—
  Then may even change my name;
Or may tell his friends a fable
  How he caught me "on the fly;"
But I now, a simple laker,
  In advance that boast deny;
And if he would only meet me,
  Face to face, in water, why
I would give him in his gullet,
  Deep as to his lungs, the lie!
Not with flies am I caught often;
  Reason why, I'm far too "fly."

Artful Antagonists

The creel of a well remembered day had been a superb one. Whether pride should have filled the Angler's soul or shame o'ercome him is a question far better perhaps to place the simple facts before you and leave this matter for your decision.

An old friend of his, Ned by name, obtained possession of a comfortable little cabin near the Wilson Lakes in Maine. He had kindly granted its use to the Angler whenever he might care to try the fishing in this section of the country.

Late in the month of June all arrangements were completed. Two good, true sportsmen and himself packed their kits and started for camp.

The guides were waiting at the station, and as the day was yet young it was decided to fish a little and stop at some convenient place on the way to camp for luncheon.

The Angler's particular guardian was one Herman, by name, a native of a nearby town. He was long-drawn-out, bow-legged and glorified with an abundance of hair of a brick-

dust sheen. His eyes "sot" in their expression were small, bright, and blue in color.

Before the parting came repeated demonstrations on his part conclusively proved that this human totem pole could do three things remarkably well. First—He made most excellent coffee. Secondly—He held an entire and very hot potato in his mouth and conversed in his usual piquant manner at the same time. Thirdly—He never failed to back a boat in the direction of a striking fish, thereby kindly giving this dweller of the deep plenty of slack line and an opportunity to shake for freedom.

For this specimen of a man, hatred began to surge in the Angler's blood and become so strong that even murder seemed justifiable.

Camp was made at last. Herman had to return for most of the supplies. Hours slipped by. He made his appearance finally. However, he managed to run the canoe on top of a rock and upset before reaching the landing.

Off came the cover of a box of Seidlitz powders, instantly followed by a churning of the waters into seething foam in the immediate vicinity. A pail of butter sank deeply into the muddy bottom of the lake and never was

found. The eggs tangoed away and everything else became beastly wet and mussed up.

This dress-rehearsal was enough; Herman was told to saw wood and tend camp. Fortunately the Angler sent 'cross country for Joe, his beloved half-breed, who knew things and knew them well. He came quickly and then Herman was almost forgiven.

It had been stated that trout of good size had been caught in certain places of the lake. These places were most faithfully tried out but with indifferent success. At the lower end of the larger lake a high, precipitous cliff gave every evidence of furnishing an ideal hiding spot for the larger specimens of these speckled beauties in the markedly deep waters bathing its base.

A number of dead landlocked smelts solved the riddle of such poor fishing. Theoretically, splendid fish should own property who lived in such an exclusive neighborhood as a haunt of this description seemed to warrant.

The Angler firmly believed this to be the case if only proper lures could be chosen, and the right method hit upon to tempt the finny citizens into rising.

Joe was told to get up very early in the morning and paddle about near the cliff. If

he saw a fin then at once inform the Angler. He did as requested and awoke him at sunrise.

"I see de big fin near cliff so den we mak a ketch much," was his report.

"All right, Lad; get things ready; we'll take a bite and try our luck," came the reply.

Everything must be in readiness if the fish were to be aroused and enticed near the surface. A good fly rod was selected.

A Parmachenee Belle and a Brown Hackle on a strong leader chosen, then the rod placed in the canoe.

The lures must be uncommon ones in order to stir up the stubborn chaps. There were two Burtis's rods out for this trial.

Both had swiveled leaders, two flies and tail hooks baited with small minnows.

The morning was misty, rainy and cold enough to make a heavy overcoat a welcome burden. A keen, stiff blow swept in from all quarters, and with occasional sharper squalls made the guidance of the canoe a very difficult task.

The Angler held a rod in each hand. Joe circled the canoe. No strikes at all. More line was payed out, more circling, gave the same result. Evidently the plausible de-

ductions were utterly wrong. Utter disappointment added its chill to that of the atmosphere. One last try and then if no luck —back to camp.

The other fellows, disgusted with the poor fishing and doubting greatly the opinion of the Angler, had gone to another lake quite a distance away.

Both lines were then reeled in and small sinkers fastened about a foot above the leaders. Joe paddled very slowly, thus allowing good lengths of line to slip from the reels.

Then sudden vicious and powerful strikes came on either side. Deadly earnest ones, allowing no time to give the butts or the rods to be held securely.

When the lines were reeled in a little way they sped again, bringing courage and joy from the music of the reels.

The Angler never realized before that fish could pull so hard or travel so fast. They pulled the canoe into deeper water, making it hard battling to gain a lee shore again.

Joe had all he could do; and as for the Angler he had more than enough: somehow that heavy overcoat grew heavier and warmer each moment. It seemed hours before a fish showed the slightest sign of losing strength.

The strain lessened at last and they could be seen turning on their sides. Why the lines did not cross or the fish remain hooked—instead of breaking away—never will be known, but up to date luck lingered.

The Angler had an impression that it was nearly a year before Joe could lend his aid and the prize winners brought nearer the canoe.

First, the right-hand rod received their united efforts. Three magnificent square-tails, appearing well nigh exhausted, were plainly visible.

The Angler secured one, Joe another; meantime the middle fish shook himself free.

The other rod became easier to handle. Another trio of fish just as big as their relations. All of them ought to have been landed, but the tail-ender bumped against the canoe and vanished.

The sensations of cold and weariness vanished also. The net would not hold but two out of the four vanquished warriors. Their weight ranged from four and a half to a little over six pounds. Of course—the two clever truants who rejoined their loved ones were the biggest of them all.

This battle was an unusual and exciting

one. Six powerful fish, even if handled well, offer quite a task. The day passed without a chance given to use the fly rod; nevertheless the Angler was perfectly satisfied. His theory had proven itself to be true.

The fish were outlined on birch bark and later done in pastels, for a like experience might never come again, and some record of it would always be valuable.

His companions had returned to camp and extended their heartfelt congratulations. The next day all of them left for home.

An assembly of dead soldiers on the porch obstructed the view. They deserved a decent burial, having died in a just cause.

Herman was chosen to officiate, receiving two new and perfectly good dollar bills in advance.

Mrs. Ned was somewhat of a crank on the temperance question, and when the family arrived the brave and gallant knights held the porch, evidently oblivious of her opinions.

The cabin was never offered again to the Angler. That awful Herman had gone to town, exchanged the two dollars for vile spirits, and then joined a lumber crew.

CURSES ON HIS HEAD!

A Wish As Twilight Falls

Where once the fairy-folk were wont to weave by magic arts an unseen web about their citadel of delights, a tiny isle, the gem of all within enchantment's realm, doth even at this day yield evidence that Mother Earth did gladly grant each wish of every sprite, when touched by wands of gold.

Amid the snow-clad hills gushed forth crystal waters, tumbling in their new-born freedom, wafted on the zephyrs, whispers from forest and meadow called and joyously they leaped in sparkling foam, eager to give greeting.

Down the lonely hillside the brooklet in its purity wavered. Splashing in uncertainty, then gliding onward. Through the lowlands it meandered, twining in serpentine coiling, its waters resting in soft, peaceful flowing 'mid banks bedecked with waving grasses.

Flowerettes of loveliness sprang into life from its very breath and in thankfulness exhaled exquisite perfumes. Bending bush and

dainty fern gave welcome as the refreshing waters invaded their hiding places.

From the summits of adjacent highlands other rollicking wanderers sought companionship until, broadly expanding, the mightier brook became more sedate and dignified as toward Neptunian domains its course continued. Gigantic and stern sentinels of granite frowned down their displeasure, disputing the right of way.

The crystal tide flowed on. Aroused to action, in liquid mirth it divided equally its hosts, spreading on either side of the grim watchers' open, encircling arms and then, clasping again, held in its embrace the enchanted isle.

The smiling rainbow and the sunset gave its hue; fleecy clouds and stars of Heaven mirrored their gleams and shadows as token of their approval of what the gentle stream had done. As wild rose petals fold in sleep, so fell the purple mantle o'er hill and dale.

Restless feathered songsters invaded this realm and the wee people bade them stay, lest the harmonies of woodland lack perfection in their absence.

Years and years have passed into eternity since the fairies with their retinue of gnomes

and nymphs have disappeared, but complete and perfect their handiwork remains. As a parting gift they bequeathed to mortals this mystic masterpiece. The hour that now is striking beholds their treasure gems as radiant as had been their wont in days of yore.

The fays themselves and their magic castle ne'er were seen by human eye, but one who came and understood erected a humble shelter. With him peace lingers, an honored guest.

His wish of the twilight hour is that, when life's troubled waters close about him, he may sink into eternal sleep on his dearly beloved isle, where the whispering breeze sighs its lullaby and wild roses—still the flowers of fairyland—bloom.

When Storms Raged

Far away in the Maine woods there's an old deserted logging road: it is first seen starting from the water's edge of a magnificent lake, then skirting the hillside in crooked bendings disappears from view.

This was the pathway taken early in the morning of a brilliant July day by the Angler and his Indian guide. The guide carried the canoe and the paddles. The Angler, strung about with cooking utensils, followed. The rods tied together he held in one hand; the grub pail was firmly grasped in the other.

The climb was an arduous one, but when the summit was gained the reward caused weariness to be forgotten. Such a dainty, laughing, sparkling bit of water met the gaze that its existence might be doubted for a moment.

The canoe being launched, it was paddled slowly along the shore. At intervals good sized trout were taken and they fought well. Then it began to grow dark without almost any warning. A thunderstorm appeared to be near at hand. Curiously, while it was not

at all cold, it began to snow and snow hard instead of raining.

The trout lost interest in the flies. A Sproat hook No. 8 being substituted was baited with a small piece of the throat of a fish taken earlier. Two boulders of good size marked an excellent fishing locality, the first fish having been taken near them.

The first cast was followed by a sharp strike at this fish bait. Again and again the canoe circled. Each turn brought fine fish. Quite a large party of fishermen were in camp where the Angler had his headquarters, so he fished carefully until a sufficient number had been secured that would satisfy all needs.

All the time the snow fell thick and fast. As suddenly as it had begun so the storm ceased, and a brilliant sun blazed forth a greeting.

The way back to the landing was equally as steep as the upward ascent had been in the morning. Securely wrapped into a compact bundle, the fish were strapped to the Angler's back. A strap was then fastened about his forehead and attached to this bundle, his guide telling him it was the Indian fashion and perfectly correct.

He may have been right. The Angler

vividly remembers that when once well started he could not stop and that the trip was made remarkably quick. He fell in a heap at the landing and gazed at the sky for a long time.

He really believes that during this run his head and neck were lost and only knew he had the fish, for the bundle was lying on the ground beside him. After some time the vanished head and neck pieces returned and resumed rightful positions.

The indisputable proof—he was smoking when the guide did appear: The guide grunted a compliment regarding his ability to make fast time and he entered into no argument at all concerning the subject.

Everyone had enough trout to eat at camp. The creel was not questioned, but the hard snow-storm was not swallowed as readily as the trout.

* * * *

It is a general belief that during a thunder-storm fish, particularly trout, rarely if ever take a lure.

Three sportsmen and the Humble Angler accompanied by a photographer were far away in the wilds of New Brunswick, the prime object of such a trip being the possi-

bility of securing moving pictures of salmon fishing and camp scenes, to be shown at the Sportsman's show later on.

The weather had been unbearably hot for nearly an entire week. It looked like rain on the day when the return trip began and camp broken. The skies were overcast.

At noon they halted for lunch and a rest. The provisions were nearly exhausted. A small stream quite near the roadway looked promising for a mess of trout.

It slightly rained and began to blow. The horses were unhitched and tied to trees. The canvas kits were made secure underneath the wagon so that they might keep dry, and none too soon.

The storm burst and became a furious tempest. Every one of them was drenched to the skin in quick time and could get no wetter.

Despite the wind, terrific lightning and downpour the Angler and one of the party started for the stream. A small pool was found that was fairly well protected by heavy tree growth.

Here, just out of the full of the squall, the Angler was able to cast a few times and caught several trout.

Under such circumstances and knowing his companion to be a novice at fly casting, he removed the leader and tied on a baited hook before handing his rod to him. He then told him to toss it gently into the pool.

The piece of a throat bait proved an enticing lure. His pupil caught enough of the speckled beauties to make a good meal for all of them.

The storm still raged on, but most fortunately one of the guides discovered a camp, where they had an opportunity to change their clothes, dry their wet duds and cook the fish.

Besides proving conclusively that the old belief did not hold true at all times and places, they had a very jolly time and did not mind getting damp once more before they made the village.

Above and Below

The St. Croix River flows between St. Stephens, Canada, and Calais, Maine. Thrown across the stream from the mill properties there is a staunch and well constructed dam.

Within the huge mills, on the English side, the relentless jaws of mechanical demons seize and devour thousands and thousands of royal logs, once kings of the forest.

As each victim is fashioned into proper shape for building purposes the cruel wheels shriek their joy.

Like snowflakes of the storm, saw-dust in whirring showers fill the air and falling into the waters impart to them the tinge of their own lifeblood.

In its obscured, smoothed pathway of progress, this silent stream smashes into rapids in the basin below, as rolling in unbroken volume over the dam it pours its sheet of waters.

Beyond the ceaseless din of saw and log, quite far above the dam—barrels and barrels of choice vintages—hogsheads, casks, and

cases of the elixir of life were huddled together in the extremely damp cellars of dingy warehouses on the Canadian banks of the old St. Croix.

These weighted and sunken submarine hosts were placed in readiness to be transported at night to American soil.

The various rope ends remaining after each carrier had been securely bound, were to be found in similar and just as wet cellars of Yankeeland, just 'cross the way—strange though it might have been.

A change of location—that's all—but a demonstrable change. In those days of selective sobriety the most ardent dipsomaniac could obtain enough unadulterated liquid delight to ensure absolute satisfaction.

In the playground that the river provided—below the dam—each year the Silver Horde rested for a brief time. They were splendid Salmon too, and as valiant in battle as the Knights of the Round Table in days of long ago.

Diplomatically speaking, these soldiers of fortune were absolutely nonpartisan, showing no partiality for either side.

America and England divided equally the honor of entertaining them as their guests.

When Al. French was the game warden at Calais, he urged the Humble Angler most cordially to visit him and try the Salmon fishing. The Angler accepted and at the earliest possible hour arrived in Calais. French was an excellent fisherman and guide.

The pools in this river are the quiet places just back of goodly sized rocks that jut their heads above the surface.

Before noon of the next day the Angler had made a kill of two splendid Salmon. A third struck, but before he was ready for the gaff the bite of the line caught on a long spike driven through the center of a piece of timber that had floated directly on the line, thus giving him a chance to leap and break away. While ornamental, the Silver Doctor was not to his liking.

It is considered most excellent luck to take two Salmon within a few hours. The news of this catch spread rapidly among the townfolk of Calais. The Angler had been noticed by many people, *en route* to a studio where his trophies were to be photographed.

That afternoon later on, French and himself sought the river again. This time another skiff was anchored quite a little dis-

tance below them. Another sportsman wished to try his luck; he had a guide with him. It was difficult to hear plainly on account of the racket that the river makes and the noise that the mills throw to the winds.

The Angler had made a long cast. Very suddenly the skiff of the new comer overturned and both of its occupants were thrown into the river. At this moment the Angler struck a fish—as he supposed—his line began to run out rapidly. No leap of a fish came; yet he felt the heavy tug of something strange and weighty.

The floundering fisherman appeared to be splashing about in a strenuous and unnecessary manner. Evidently he was trying to yell important information, but only a cuss word could be distinguished now and then. French sensed that something must be radically wrong and asked the Angler to stop fishing and to reel in as fast as he could. Meantime he cast the skiff free. The Angler did the best he could to follow instructions.

The profane gentleman had succeeded in reaching a rock, where he was deeply engaged in performing a minor surgical operation on his trousers and eclipsing any sailor or par-

rot that ever lived in his vocabulary of aptly chosen swear words.

While the porpoise act exhibition held the stage a "popham" fly had floated near and embedded itself in his trousers. The Angler had struck hard and securely. Apologies were exchanged, explanations made, and peace returned even to the troubled waters. The fishing ended.

The next morning a local paper contained a bright article concerning this incident and stated the weight of this HE fish to be 187 pounds.

ABOVE the dam, a smuggler was caught—now and then.

BELOW the dam, many a fine salmon was killed—now and then.

Gone are the salmon.
Gone the good booze.

The old St. Croix—sedately flows on and on.

Surprises

Newfoundland offers much that is interesting, unique and uncommon to its visitors. The customs and beliefs of the early settlers are followed religiously, even to minute details, at the present day.

Stern and rugged natural backgrounds make the picture, in its entirety, one of severity rather than fascinating beauty. Giant rocks frown down upon seething, foaming masses of spray crashed by the billows of an angry sea against their solid foundations.

The coast is black and bare; stunted tree growth dots the landscape that cries aloud in its barren loneliness. Winds that shriek; storms that terrify; dense fogs that veil deeply are but appropriate framings. Huge cliffs and immense sandbanks add a martial aspect and tone. If on this very soil the War God had once builded his castle, it would not have been out of keeping.

That its people who pass their existence on this island have become reserved and silent may depend much upon the unseen influences —always surrounding, always dominating

—from the cradle to the grave. Tragedies of a capricious ocean o'ershadow all else. The goddess of Mirth ne'er tarried here.

This dreadful monotony is only relieved by the picturesque harbors. Among and on the sides of the broadened stone formations that guard the entrances to these restful monads of a vast wilderness, queer fishing shacks are observed, scattered here and there or often safe and secure, several are huddled together in a protected corner. Resplendent in coloring, high built dories are anchored in quiet waters or pulled well up on the sands. Drying on Ferris-like wooden wheels, huge fishing nets add both a pleasing and ornamental effect. Beyond the sandy beaches glimpses reveal the well-kept homes of the fisher folk.

All hamlets are built alike and look alike. Each domicile has a tiny garden of its own. Each garden is surrounded by a fence. These fences charm and fascinate. They excel the stockades of the days when Indian warfare existed, in their strength and general appearance.

Such gates—Ye GODS—such gates! Massive; stupendous; solid. Absolutely barring an entrance to the agricultural delights within. No earthly power can destroy them. Per-

haps they might serve a better purpose if they became a part of the armament employed by safe deposit vaults. The reason why such fences and why such gates exist no one knows; gentle-eyed kine are the only wild beasts about, but 'tis so because 'tis so, and this is the only perfectly clear explanation.

The people of Newfoundland are thrifty, taciturn and modest. Their simple homes are kept immaculate.

Surprise No. 1 arises, *de novo*, from the billows themselves. Seated in one of the dories, bobbing up and down on the waters, the smallest flies, cast on curling crests, are seized by—you will not believe it—seized voraciously by trout; real, honest, true brook trout. Hundreds of them, too. Each one quick as a flash of lightning and agile as a hawk.

Each year they follow the salmon up the rivers during the spawning season. Like a real Lothario they flirt with the tides and linger until the silver sheen bestowed by the ocean is lost and the many hued spots return.

Surprise No. 2—the color of their flesh is blood-red; not pink or reddish, but an abso-

lute blood-red. Their sojourn in the sea has endowed them with extra agility and keener attributes. A much more delicious flavor to the flesh has come from the change in foods.

Crab River, about twelve miles in length, empties into the ocean, where the water is swift and deep, through a narrowed gap. The three principal pools are the Red, the White and the Gray. Peculiar colorings of the clays are marked distinctly, and the names bestowed on the cliffs depend upon the most pronounced hue of the soil out of which they are constructed.

At the base of these high cliffs the river forms basins or pools of goodly size and bear the same cognomens. Lesser pools and excellent fishing places are scattered about along the stream. The tree growth in this section is much more luxuriant, being well protected.

On a morning after the rainfall of only a few hours, surprise No. 3 awaits. Where but yesterday a placid stream flowed smoothly on, a fierce torrent booms its power. It is impossible to fish at all in the large pools, owing to the increased amount of water. The small pools are not visible. Where one

had walked along the banks the overflow had become knee deep.

The length is stated as being twelve miles. Double surprises, Nos. 4 and 5. The truth has been hidden and deeply hidden; it is nearer twelve hundred miles and long ones at that. You expected to see strips of sandy shore at least. Nothing of the kind. You walk on, walk over, fall down upon, hit, scrape, and curse—the most marvelous collection in the universe of—pebbles, stones, rocks, boulders, and Giant Causeways to be entangled with on *terra firma*.

The fishing for salmon and the big "salters" is simply glorious sport and well repays for all annoyances, labor and hardships. As the waters are wonderfully clear, small flies should be used.

One morning, equipped with an ordinary trout rod and tackle, the Angler wished to ascertain what might be accomplished by using a No. 12 fly. A location was chosen where fair sized trout had often been taken, simply a good trout ground and not a pool or anything approaching one. Surprise No. 6 hovered in the air. When a cast was made a goodly salmon flashed in beauty in his upward leap, then speeded up stream. That

rider of the rapids sprang skyward seven times. Twice he left but an inch or two on the line after rapid runs. This intense but enjoyable suspense lasted in reality just forty-eight minutes. To the Angler it seemed hours. Both the victor and the vanquished fighter were completely tired out when the contest ended.

Other surprises awaited. The Angler surprised the silent 6½ feet tall child of the sea when with stick and string, as Albert designated his tackle, he caught fifty-seven fine cod fish.

The conductor of the narrow-gauge railway train surprised all of them. The train was only three hours late. Doffing his cap he approached and apologized for being so tardy, then invited them to the dining car and had the steward serve delicious sandwiches and Bass's ale. A table was arranged for card playing; then he said, "You chaps want to smoke, I know, so go ahead, for no one will disturb you."

The Inspector asked if the trip had been a pleasant one while he chalked the luggage without requesting to have it opened. He handed $15.00 to the Angler, this being the amount of a deposit for the rods when start-

ing for Crab's River. At the time he asked the Angler if he thought his tackle was worth as much as that. There being three salmon rods, four fly rods, two trolling rods, one tarpon rod, reels, flies, lines and a lot more stuff, the Angler replied "yes."

Last surprise of all. The good and kind Inspector had a package that he asked the Angler to accept with his compliments, saying, "It will prevent sea-sickness and do you lots of good." And it did.

May you all be able to visit Newfoundland!

An Indian Legend

The Humble Angler passed his vacation days for many years at Grand Lake, Maine. A pleasant friendship followed between the Indian guide and himself. Sabattis grew more communicative, and when in the proper mood and atmosphere told him stories and legends of his people. The following narrative is selected out of a goodly number, as its setting is familiar to many sportsmen.

Night's mantle had begun to fall o'er the quivering waters of Grand Lake. A glorious day had bestowed more than an excellent creel; and belated on this account, it had grown quite dark before they embarked in the birch bark canoe, homeward bound. The stars began to gleam. The restless cries of loons, the hoot of owls, the gentle rippling of waters, and the soft swish of blade were woven into one of Nature's lullabies.

Save in outline, Sabattis could hardly be discerned. The magnetic influences of the hour welded themselves into a swinging song expressed in spoken words, soft and low, that kept the paddle's cadence.

"Wus long time 'go my grand-dad's dad he tell my granddad, my granddad he tell my old dad, an' he tell me, an' my dad he heap old man when he tell.

"Way down dis big, big lake dere's little island. She much more big long time 'go dan she am now. Good Indian he lived dere in wig-wam, had squaw an' three papoose. He great hunter. He beaver know. He trap lot, big beaver king.

"Some day he no hunt. Stay home, make garden, plant much. Keepa cow, keepa hoss, keepa pig. One day he work way off in field. Squaw she 'tend papoose in wig-wam. Down lake cum floatin' big tree, much branch, much leaf, on him.

"He float slow. He cuma nearer an' nearer where landin' was. You look at tree—you see nuthin'. Your eye he wrong. You look sharp—you see. Leaves dey cover up pretty good. More half dozen bad Indians dere. All painted. War paint. On war path, 'udder tribe 'nudder men, bad men, steal, kill, no good. No see 'tall, keep still.

"All time keep pushin', push big tree make him go island. Keep still all time. Den big tree he cum 'shore. He stay dere—bad Indian he make no noise, just wait. All sudden

give war whoop run up wig-wam kill squaw, kill papoose, set fire all 'round fore Beaver King cum, den when he run down, ketch quick.

"Too much him fight, he no tomahawk, no knife, no nuttin'. Tie him up, tie him tight, take 'way, wait on shore. Great big canoe she cum 'cross lake, den all get in. Throw Beaver King in too. Paddle like Hell, run way 'fore good braves see. Nudder tribe all bad men live way off.

"Sometime cum down lake steal much, much kill, much burn, much scalp get. Sometime good brave he ketch him, den big fight. Good brave he better fight dan bad brave. Bad brave he no get home a'tall. All dead, no matter wait, wait long time cum some more. Dis time bad brave no ketched, take Beaver King way off in woods.

"Den snow he cum an' cold he freeze up water all round an' big hungry he cum too. Game he gone. Well by an' by get to own camp. Udder braves no home all gone hunt. Nuthin' left to eat. Big Chief stay in wigwam, he old, old man. Squaw, she left; papoose, he left; no dog left, dog he all eat up long time.

"Big Chief glad see Beaver King, get heap

glad—Big Chief he say show beaver kill, me no kill you, me make big man in tribe an' me have you live here all time—Beaver King he say he do but he no tell all he tink—not much.

"Beaver King told Big Chief he no do 'cept he free, den he go hunt. He no forget he wait, he watch much. Next day he ask chief give sharp tomahawk den go beaver kill, much he say he kill. All braves he want go too, for much food get right way.

"Big Chief he tink all right now, so tell go. Beaver King he go an' all udder braves go too. Find big big river. He froze hard, he froze thick too.

"Beaver King he cut big hole great big hole in ice. He tell one brave stay here watch out he beaver call, den put head way down hole an' listen long time. When hear beaver come, wait 'ill he stick head way out den kill.

"Beaver King take nudder brave do same ting. No one see udder one—too far 'way. When braves all fixed up, Beaver King he go see first man, den he puts head in hole—make funny noise—call beaver. Den say listen an' hear beaver come. Man he puts head in hole.

"Beaver King, he strike hard he strike quick. He kill, he scalp quick, den go next man do same ting. By an' by bad braves all dead. Beaver King he tie up scalps, kill two fat beaver, den put beaver on back go back see chief.

"Give Chief beaver tell all braves cum soon now, plenty beaver. Big Chief he glad, tell squaws cook right 'way. Tell Beaver King he great hunter—give present he go get in wig-wam. Beaver King he go too, hit chief in head, tie up to tree, tie much tight, den make fire, damn hot fire.

"Big Chief he wake up, he no move, too hard he tied up. Beaver King he take tomahawk cut arm off say dat's for squaw, den he cut off udder arm—dat's for papoose. Beaver King he make fire hotter, watch Big Chief all burn up say all right now. Squaws yell like devil run way no one cum no more.

"Beaver King he make bundle tie up scalps put on back, go get food he want, den go way all 'lone over big old mountin's.

"When good braves found wig-wam all burnt up an' squaw an' papoose all dead an' Beaver King he no dere no more make big noise an' big big mourn.

"Old, old woman, she mighty old, more old

hundred years, she no give up 'tall, she wait, she look, she listen all time. One day she tell people Beaver King he cum she hear footsteps way way off. People laff, shake heads much, but old woman she right, she know all right.

"Beaver King he cum. He sick man too. He tell people 'bout tings, show big lot scalps, den he near die.

"Old woman she know lot, she make well pretty quick—she was great old gal, dat old woman.

"Good Chief he awful old too, he get sick he die, he live too much long, den all tribe have heap big war dance. Make Beaver King great Chief. He mighty good chief too, make safe all time, make dis tribe—my tribe—great strong people. Never no more bad tribe cum 'cross Grand Lake.

"My dad he Chief now, he old man too. When he die—me—Sabattis—be Big Chief. Tomorrow show place where Beaver King he live. Most gone now, nudder year all gone."

The landing was made. Sabattis carried the kill of the day to the cabin and disappeared into the darkness.

The Close of Day—Lake Katahdin

The shadows now are purpling
  The crest of distant hills;
The Crimson God is wearied,
  But Evening's quiet thrills.

The Loons begin their calling;
  The Owl his challenge sends;
The Deer in coves are feeding,
  Where the long lake-shore bends.

Upon its burnished surface,
  The tall pines seem to glow,
As on that limpid mirror,
  Their outlines ebb and flow.

Birches and brush reflecting,
  A shore seems not to be,
And fiery clouds, mirage-like,
  Change hues while yet they flee.

A serenade is warbled
  By tiny songster true;
And at a touch of twilight,
  Dense grows the vein of blue.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

Upon the mountain summit,
  There lingers yet a flame—
The kiss of sunset's parting—
  How soft from Heaven, came!

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